The Actors Names.

The Duke of *Venice.*
Morochus, a Prince, and a Sutor to *Portia.*
The Prince of *Aragon*, Sutor also to *Portia.*
Bassanio, an Italian Lord, Sutor likewise to *Portia.*
Anthonio, a Merchant of *Venice.*
Salarino, } Gentlemen of *Venice*, and Compa-
Salanio, } nions with *Bassanio.*
Gratiano, }
Lorenso, }
Shylock, the rich Iew, and Father of *Iessica.*
Tuball, a Iew, *Shilocks* Friend.
Portia, the rich Italian Lady.
Nerrissa, her wayting-Gentlewoman.
Iessica, Daughter to *Shylock.*
Gobbo, an old man, father to *Lancelot.*
Lancelot Gobbo the Clowne.
Stephano, a Messenger.
Iaylor, and Attendants.

The Comicall History of the Merchant of *Venice.*

Enter *Anthonio*, *Salarino*, and *Salanio.*

Anth. In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne:
And such a want-wit sadnesse makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my selfe.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Doe over-peere the pettie-traffiquers,
That courtsie to them doe them reverence,
As they flie by them with their woven vvings.
Salan. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the vvinde,
Prying in Maps for Ports, and Peeres, and Rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Mis-fortunes to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My vvind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a vvind too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of Shallowes and of Flatts,
And see my vvealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vayling her high top lower then her ribs,